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Autumn Twilight Piece

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

Now has the brittle incandescent day
Been shattered, spilling from its fractured bowl
The so trite dusk upon a street and soul
That wait their own and evening's decay.
Will not a midnight grant deliverance
Of dusk and all its bitter casuistries;
Nor death, nor dawn whose querulous harmonies
Are torn to day and gorgeous dissonance?

Autumn, we know, is twilight of the year.
This bronze and amber rumor of our death
Stains the far hills and soon to us will bring
The caverned sleep of winter, when beneath
The fennel's frigid roots we shall not hear
Again the bright amphigories of spring.

Admonition To The Dead

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

Such be the end of all the red and gold;
Such be the end of all the lips and hair.....
This thing alone our heritage of old,
Knowledge of this our legacy to despair.
Such be the end.

Convolve in laughter not the lipless bone;
Let us forget your mirth. Such be the end.
Nòr weep; but in that land where you are gone
Take rest until all, slow friend by friend,
Come to you there.

Joseph Conrad

An Appreciation

By JULIUS WEIS FRIEND

IT is the custom when a writer dies after a few weeks of decent eulogy to haul his work of a life time into a sort of literary probate court, schedule assets against liabilities and striking a balance, set down his net worth once and for all. So with Joseph Conrad, we must all have our say. Into this Court I come with something akin to humility. The Olympian attitude in vogue among critics today seems to me to smack of vulgarity, not to say ignorance, in dealing with men of the caliber of Conrad. For whatever may be your opinion of his books, the man commands respect.

As to his contribution to literature, his novels and short stories seem to me to place him securely in the immortal company. He wrote of the eternal verities, of fear, the fear that remains in the heart in spite of every thing; the terror that cannot be allayed by cynic or Presbyterian, that arrives before illusion in the child and remains after desire has burnt out, that is beyond good or evil, that stalks the ranks of laborers and of college graduates. But he wrote also of the ideal, or the idea, the *idée fixe* if you will, that supersedes even elemental terror and conquers all except blind nature, yet flings its challenge even to nature, absurdly and divinely. No one who has read that story, "The Planter of Malata," can forget the lines with which the story end, "For to whom could it have occurred that a man would set out calmly to swim beyond the confines of life—

with a steady stroke—his eyes fixed on a star." Conrad was a Greek. He had nothing to say about sex or of the nuances and subtleties of desire and satiation. He was not a bed room psychiatrist. Therefore, his novels seem trivial to many of us moderns who have become accustomed to illicit love as the only theme worthy of cardboard and buckram. Yet sex as a tragic theme, unknown to the Greek dramatists, is not an elemental but a quite modern idea. I am not myself convinced that it can be used in tragedy. Sex lends itself to romance and a kind of lyric ecstasy and even better to comedy and burlesque. It lends itself towards producing a sickening disgust, as well, which is fatal to the tragic mood.

I am not sure, however, that Conrad's work does not suffer by sex blindness. To write of sex tragically and to be aware of its influence are different things, even as there is a vast difference between possessing a sense of humor and cracking jokes. The women of Conrad are doomed to a shadowy existence. We have to take their sex on faith. They are merely conventional portraits. A head, a bodice, a skirt, shoes and a strip of stocking. The flesh underneath is absent. Conrad saw only drawing room ladies and Gibson girls. In the crises of life, they do not forget their lady-like bearing. But it is absurd to quarrel with a man because he cannot see out of the back of his eyes. If he chose to exhibit

man as Don Quixote rather than as guinea pig, we shall not lament. Perhaps it would be safer to say that he wrote of the genus Man, symbolized in the questing male.

Conrad's work viewed as a unit may be said to constitute an epic of fear and nobility. Don Quixote, who defies the undefiable and goes down to obvious defeat, yet somehow triumphs in his lunacy is either a comic or a tragic figure, according to whether you side with the angels or with the devil, "the spirit who denies." Commonsense, horse sense, and the rabble easily side with Sancho Panza. Yet is it not significant that all the world's greatest spirits, all the artists whose lives and work have moved mankind more profoundly than revolutions, have ridden with the Knight of the Rueful Countenance on their Rosinantes? If you will examine literature you will discover that the greatest writers have been concerned with little else than exposing man in his significant moments where in a brief flash he sees and aspires beyond the petty need of the hour, where he draws aside the curtains of his room and looks out of a window over the roof tops, when he sees nature a reflexion of his dream, when he dies fighting for some absurd idea. This is how Shakespeare wrote, and Euripides and Turgenev. And this, also, is the stuff of Conrad. The unassailable blind nature is symbolized as the sea on which are afloat human beings who dream and fear and love. Always the great antagonist overcomes. Sometimes they are beaten like cowards by fear and commonsense, and sometimes they are beaten like heroes by overwhelming odds. Conrad

kicks the conventional props from under his men and brings them face to face with nature, as in *Lord Jim*, where fear wins temporarily, and as in the *Heart of Darkness*, where the African Blackness of the heart conquers.

How should Conrad be labelled? If Sinclair Lewis is a realist; if it be realism to write of the petty incidents, the meaninglessness of life, "to copy nature," then Conrad is not of this class. If, on the other hand, Conrad is a realist, as I like to class him, then these others are tiresome chroniclers. As a stylist he caught the rythm of the sea symbolized almost as a great restless blind monster, beautiful in its frightfulness. Conrad invented a prose all his own, no more English than Walter Pater's prose, but more chromatic, more musical, more brilliant and, by consequence, a little continental and lacking in homespun masculinity.

Joseph Conrad will never be appreciated by the neurotics. Today he seems old-fashioned because he is self contained in a company of hoydenish writers. He is, nevertheless, sure of a place in English letters because he wrote of the timeless struggle of man, and of the gleam of divinity which illumines humanity for a second sometimes in tragic moments and perhaps informs all youth without youth's knoweldge until too late. I can do no better than to quote the lines which end Joseph Conrad's story, "Youth," that panegyric to life.

"Ah, the good old time, the good old times. Youth and the sea. Glamor and the sea. The good, strong sea, the salt bitter sea that could whisper to you

and roar at you and knock your breath out of you.'

'By all that's wonderful, it is the sea, I believe, or is it youth alone. But you here, you had something out of life, money, love, whatever one gets on shore, and tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea, young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks and sometimes a chance to feel your strength, that only, what you all regret?'

"And we all nodded at him, the man of finance, the man of accounts, the man of law, we all nodded at him over the polished table that, like a still sheet of brown water, reflected our faces, lined, wrinkled, our faces marked by toil, by deceptions, by success, by love; our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously for something out of life, that while it is expected is already gone, has passed unseen in a sigh, in a flash, together with the Youth, with the strength, with the romance of illusions."

Morning Shower

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

Cool on the bosom of the waking grove
The god descended in a silver rain.
The blooming laurel knew the touch of Jove,
Oh body indivisible, white kiss,
Imperial pain!
What child will come of this?

The trivial woodcock made a sacrament
With syllables in priestly monotone.
And while in widening pools the rumor went,
The leaves adjacent to the bright event
Trembled and shone.

The sun, appearing like a golden clock
Struck the conclusion of the sacred hour.
An east wind moved among the boughs and shook
The closing, pregnant flower.

More Danko Poems

Contributed By MITCHELL DAWSON

MORNING SONGS

I

Up over the hill-top
the sun in the morning
leaps like a leopard;
and we leap before him,
little antelope lover.

II

At sunrise
in the thorn trees
by the river
Ubixi sings
Lu — elo —
luelu-elo-elu-
From spider-webs
the wind is shaking,
shaking the shining dew.

LULLABY

All evening in the kri-kri bush,
poumb-ul-oum-
pom-poum-
fires burn
and shadows walk
and yellow
kri-kri faces talk.

They open mouths
to put my little rabbit in.
Hush, machuka, hush!
I hear the baboons cough.

KRAALS

My grandfather's kraal
holds a thousand cattle,
five hundred sheep, a hundred asses,
geese, pigs, chickens, wives and
children without number.

Like a guinea-cock sunning,
my grandfather struts
among his houses,
kicking the dust
so rich and heavy,
sniffing the smells
of many pots cooking,
and cuffing,
the scrambling children.

But I
am far in the mountains,
in the mountains,
Oh my love,
in the mountains.

In my kraal
there are no cattle,
no sheep, no, nor asses,
no geese, pigs, chickens, wives nor
children.

For love is my kraal
and thou art within it;
I will enfold thee
with a thousand thoughts,
ten thousand songs, caresses, smiles and
love-words without number.

TULA-BUD GIRLS

Oh tula-bud girls,
 coming down to the river
 for water,
 the bangles on your ankles
 clinking,
 have you word of my loved one,
 joy or sorrow?
 Has her father relented?

Oh tula girls,
 tell him
 I have only five cows
 and a bullock....
 He shall have them.

Oh tula-bud girls,
 smooth and slender,
 one behind the other
 swaying,
 scoop up my tears in your jars....
 He shall have them.

BABA VA LOVALA

(My Father Takes Another Wife)

Ah, baba!
 you had many women,
 and now another.
 Tch-tcha-tchu-
 How she scolds!
 Ah, baba!
 let her not wander
 near the river;
 remember the old song—
 "My father,
 he married a crocodile wife
 that bites,
 that bites."

CHICAGO NIGHT

Why should I leave you tonight—alone?
Why should I go out into the street?

The tall buildings rub their cheeks
 against the sky,
wheedling secrets from the night.

You are the first song of the earth,
your hand fits into mine,
there has been no making
 like the making of you.

You are light caught in moonstones;
I love you with teeth bared
 and hot tongue seeking.

Oh hovering wonder,
 blackness of hair,
 dark drunkening mouth....

You shall have thongs
 and a whip of seven lashes,
you shall have honey to drip on your wounds.

Why should I leave you tonight....
alone?

NIGGER

Black man,
praying,
Jesus singing,
 (white man calls you
nigger)
listen:
I know a Bantu chief
who can break
an elephant's tusk
across his thigh.

He has ten wives,
each more shining
than ripe pear gourd,
sweeter than sap of honey-tree.

When he takes his spear
in the morning,
singing war
under the great sky—
O - na -
na - na - hu!
When he takes his gleaming spear!

RAIN IS—

(E. C. 1919)

I sat under a banyan tree
feeling very happy.
Between the trunks
ran a little river of rain.

I made a water-wheel of bark
and set two water-bugs to watch it.

Then with a thick pencil
I began my book:
"Rain is. . ."

I knew you were wandering here,
dodging among the trunks of this tree.

You will tell you are soaked with sorrow;

you will turn your coat to show
the wet lining;

the rain-tears are dripping
from your cheeks;

you will take off your shoes
and cough your worst consumptive
cough.

Great man!

Your eyes are dark and sad
as a smoky day;

your hair is beaten and abject;

a girl would take your smile
for a kiss;

if you looked at her long
she would say:

“No don’t. . .”

In the end
you will come to my book:
“Rain is. . .”

The water-wheel turns,
the water-bugs raise their arms
metaphysically intent.

You will come and wander under
this banyan tree;

you will try to climb
all its trunks.

Flame Unseen

By EDYTHE SQUIER

WITH a quick movement of his plump fingers Dr. J. Mills Dexter pulled his February letter out of his typewriter and leaned back in his satin-shining chair to read it. He did this with his round blue eyes drawn together with a frown and his full lips pursed. But when he had finished the frown was gone. He laid the paper down on the glass top of his desk and put his hand down upon it with caressing approval. So—it was done.

He smiled across at the fire—a wood fire in a country of natural gas. Dr. Dexter liked a wood fire. It was comfortable to one's ankles, one's nose, ears, eyes, to one's mind. He did some of his best thinking in front of it, he told some of his callers. Mrs. Dexter did not care for thinking in front of a fire. She studied her Bible a great deal up in her light, exquisitely ordered room, stopped at the study to tell Dr. Dexter what meeting she was to lead, went on.

Ah. There she was now, back from the meeting of her Prayer Circle, which today had interceded in behalf of a missionary rumored to be sojourning in discomfort and apprehension among Chinese bandits.

Dr. Dexter reached for another sheet of paper, inserted it in his smoothly sliding typewriter. He looked quite busy when Myra Dexter came in.

She came swiftly, surely, quietly. It was a cold day. But she did not go to the fire. She warmed one hand with the other. Her hands were slim and

beautiful. She was very beautiful, Myra Dexter, but no one thought of her beauty. One thought resolutely of her goodness, spoke in hushed tones of her loyalty, her greatness. Her dark eyes smiled kindly now on the busy minister.

"Sit down, won't you, please, dear?" Dr. Dexter said.

He had not meant to sound portentous, to be so eager. He frowned. Then he smiled.

"For a moment," she said. "You know I have the Guild tonight."

With all her many meetings she rarely seemed hurried. Always she was quite sure.

"Is there something special?"

"Well, rather special. I have just finished next month's letter."

"I see it usually, you know, when you have it back from the printer." She added, smiling, "You may be sure I agree with you."

He smiled at the fire.

"I believe, dear, I should like you to read this one before it is general news."

Her eyes widened.

"Oh."

She sat down in Dr. Dexter's hearth-rug chair. She did not lean back. She did not think of being comfortable. A frivolous person had observed that Mrs. Dexter looked comfortable only when she was uncomfortable. She did not lean. No.

Dr. Dexter sat straight, too. He frowned. He put his elbows on the

arms of his chair, his feet on the floor firmly, as if he were about to stand up. But he did not. Without looking at Mrs. Dexter he cleared his throat and began:

"Ah—I am aware that it is painful to you to be reminded of the differences among modern churchmen."

Myra Dexter's brows met in a frown. Her lovely color deepened.

"Of course, there are certain fundamentals—"

He looked at the beautiful face before him now pleadingly. The eyes wide open, questioning, met his.

"Of course, there are certain fundamentals—"

He was using his pulpit voice. A woman had always to be explained to so. Why had he got himself into this? He crossed his legs, uncrossed them, sought the base of the table with his feet.

"I am not in any sense discarding these great truths—"

He met her eyes again, resolutely.

"Now, my dear, I don't wish to distress you. I realize the depth of your feelings. You are, by nature, ardent, intense, and perhaps—you will pardon me—a little fanatical. Now—er—the world does move. Science—since 1900—why, Myra, science is wonderful!"

Ah. Science was wonderful!

"I have come to realize that Science and Religion are not the foes we fancied them back at old Stillwater. Of course, two years ago there in the West Philadelphia church I had to take the stand I did against the Modernist idea because that church would not have anything else."

He flushed here and he was angry

because he did. He had done nothing to be ashamed of!

"But here in this great industrial center, where the University is open to the working-classes, where everybody seems to be thinking along scientific lines—I've got to, if I want to keep any hold on the people, do them any service, to come out, I say, on the rationalist side—"

He laughed a little. Whew! Was he hysterical? He would be friendly, come down and talk about the old College, soften her.

"I may say, too, that I have been reading Ralph Faxon. Now, Faxon's probably the greatest biologist in the country today. You may remember him at old Stillwater. In fact—Ha! Ha!—I believe I heard something about his being an old flame of yours before I appeared on the scene! Well, you remember he was canned on account of his attitude toward some theological ideas at that time taken quite seriously at Stillwater—"

Dr. J. Mills Dexter thought he was getting on, until he turned his eyes from the fire to glance at the woman there. How very still she could be! What—? His mouth fell open.

Myra Dexter was leaning back! She was leaning back. Her slim body was softly lost in the great chair's pillows. Her hands hung limp. Her face was white as the handkerchief that lay crushed against the dark silk of her lap. Her mouth quivered. She had a helpless, childish look.

From her white lips at length words came, words that were not meant for the ears of the man there in the luxurious study. They dragged him back, unwillingly back, through twenty-five

years to a picture that for twenty-five years had hung in the minds of only two others.

...Early November on a small college campus, early November with air like April. Nuts falling with happy thuds, nuts as many as petals in April. Leaves scudding in the air like birds of April fluttering for straws. Cool winds and warm sun. Spring and Autumn. Man and woman. Truth and Tradition. Passion and the Stern Daughter of the Voice of God.

The man:

"But I can't, darling Myra. I can't! Don't you see—I can't swear a thing is true when it is false. I can't listen down the ages to my voice speaking foolishness. I must say the thing that seems a bit of the truth, a bit that will stand the test of that resistless hot furnace, Time—"

In April the woman's voice had been tender as the soft cadences of the dove

brooding among the catalpas of the college yard. In November the clap-clap of the black-billed cuckoo not more balefully presaged storm than her voice shouting down the years:

"I will die fighting heresy!"

.....Shadows of early darkness slipped out from corners, marched across the room; about a woman who leaned with hands hanging limp; thronged to a round-eyed man who gazed into a fireplace where the fire was dead, all but one small flame that flickered up from grey-ashed logs. When the flame rose higher, pushed with laughing fingers at the shadows, the woman turned her eyes away. She laughed and she arose from the chair, and with her hands before her, groping, she tottered, laughing, away from the leaping flame up into her exquisitely ordered room. There she laughed, laughed. There was never any end to her laughing.

To One Who Taking Postures of Profound Meditation Considers Himself a Philosopher

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

Ping Sy's tom-cat
Squats for long hours
Upon his master's window-sill,
His head upon his soft chest,
His eyes forming two oblique
Luminous lines—
But his thoughts
Are endless files
Of timid brown mice,
And vast circles
Of absent-minded swallows
Whose wings like toy-fans
Beat vaguely the white dust.

Testament

(Containing songs of one who would be a priest)

Song Number One.

My life has passed into a coma of waiting but I wait no more intelligently than you. Sometimes as I walk in the streets a look of intelligence comes into my eyes. If I had not watched closely the eyes of my brothers I would be often deceived by what I see in my own eyes.

It is only by going about in secret I can stumble into the pathway of truth. When truth has passed through the streets of a town or has walked on wet leaves in a forest there is a faint smell. It is blown about by the wind. I smell the footsteps of truth but I do not walk in the footsteps.

I have recently thrown out of my arms the maiden placed there by my father—a liar.

I sit in a stone chair in a cold place.

I am beset by many pains.

Pain comes running to me out of the bodies of men and women.

I am bred out of the lusts of the world.

I am become the abiding place of little lustful thoughts that weave in and out of the minds of my people.

It is only to comfort my solitude I whisper to myself it is thus the new man emerges. It is a thought to play with, a ball to bounce off the wall. I have whispered to myself that the new man emerges out of the womb of an engine, that his birthcry arises out of a clangor of sounds.

My thoughts are tossed back and forth on a wall.

As you sit with me you shall be compelled to share my fate.

All you who live in the valley have had sticks thrust into your eyes.

You are shepherds of blind sheep.

You shall sit in the chair of stone.

You shall wait in the narrow place.

You shall be pregnant.

You shall sit in the stone chair at night and the throbbing of iron cities shall be in the intricate veins of your being.

There are walls of stone.
There are walls faced with iron.
Between them you shall sit.

The little tricks of my mind shall explain nothing to you. If I should dig myself a grave and bury myself by the light of a summer moon you would pass like a flitting shadow along the further side of the wall.

It is however my desire to die in the midst of a more intelligent pain.

My desire is as yet no more than a tiny white worm that lives under a sidewalk in an Illinois town.

You shall not know my desire until you slip into my place in the chair.

The noises of the world are tremendous.

The walls of the cities throb.

There is a new song stuck in the brazen throats of the cities.

There is an American song.

There is a song nobody knows.

There is a child born of an engine in a bed of stone. American cities are pregnant. You understand what I mean. My insanity is crystal clear to you as you sit in the chair of stone. To you my insanity is a white streak of moonlight that falls across the smoke-begrimed streets of your city.

My insanity is a slow creeping vine clinging to a wall.

My insanity is a white worm with a fire in its forehead.

I write only to beguile the hours of the waiting. It is that I am whispering about. I have put my lusts into an iron cage at the side of the chair. I am watching the people who file up out of the valley to go like wavering shadows along the face of the wall.

I sit patiently watching the small white thing that comes out of my body to creep on the face of the wall .

The Single Portent of Carl Sandburg

By GORHAM B. MUNSON

CARL SANDBURG is a poet who was highly esteemed a few years ago. Amy Lowell chose him for one of the six poets treated in her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* and in her verbose, popularly and unincisively phrased lecture she said of *Limited*, "That poem seems to me little short of magnificent," of his war poems, "All these war poems are very strong.... No poet of today has touched the present war more convincingly, more poetically, than Mr. Sandburg." She had doubts, however, and frightened by Sandburg's proletarian and revolutionary sympathies, she argued feebly against "propaganda." Louis Untermeyer, in *A New Era in American Poetry*, was a more stalwart champion. Of the poem entitled *Lost*, he wrote: "Here we see what I think is Sandburg's finest artistic quality—the sharp and sympathetic gift of the etcher with his firm, clean-cut and always suggestive line." "No writer in America," he declared, "is so hard and soft-speaking; beneath the brutality, he is possibly the tenderest of living poets." His conclusion was that "here, in the work of Sandburg, is another phase of the new and definitely American spirit in our poetry.... This is something carved out of earth, showing the dirt and the yellow clay; there are great gaps and boulders here, steaming ditches and the deep-chested laughter of workers quarreling, forgetting, building.... Brutal, tender, full of anger and pity, his lines

run light as a child's pleasure; common as sunlight or talk on Third Avenue of a Saturday."

Sandburg is still highly esteemed, but one meets an increasing number of readers who once liked his poetry and now remark that "it does not seem to last." Re-reading his four books of verse, I am convinced that the original enthusiasm for them was somewhat uncritical. In them was a new idiom, not too difficult for easy comprehension, traceable to Whitman, whose prestige lent Sandburg's admirers courage, yet simpler, less volumed than Whitman, and voicing the emotionalism of revolt so current in the last decade. Miss Lowell did not like the emotionalism of revolt, and Mr. Untermeyer is clear-headed even though he does not satisfy in his penetrative skill. But the Sandburg public, I venture to assume, was accumulated through the magnetic power of the combination I have outlined.

The former admirer of Sandburg, who says that his poetry does not seem to last, has doubtless discovered that Sandburg has written a large and undeniable amount of dross. Take such a poem as *Street Window* from *Cornhuskers*.

The pawn-shop man knows hunger,
And how far hunger has eaten the heart
Of one who comes with an old keepsake.
Here are wedding rings and baby bracelets,
Scarf pins and shoe buckles, jeweled garters,
Old-fashioned knives with inlaid handles,
Watches of old gold and silver,
Old coins worn with finger marks.
They tell stories

Now every sensitive person has at some time paused in front of a pawnshop, noted with curiosity and sorrow the surrendered trinkets and articles, speculated on the stories which would account for their presence here, surmised that the dealer knows hunger and many other sad and despairful things, and shaken his head. The subject matter of this poem is parcel of our common personal experience, and the objection to the poem is that Sandburg has done no more with personal experience of his than we have done with ours. He has not distinguished it from others by a rhythmic or metaphorical achievement, he has not driven his emotion further nor defined it more sharply than anyone else. It is slack and immediate expression.

The trouble is that Sandburg has little faculty for converting or combining his personal emotions into art emotions. Esthetic delight, curiosity, arises from contrasted sources. It may be given by the definition which comes from the acute and accurate perception of an emotion or a related series of emotions and denotes both the essence and the strict boundaries of the emotions. This is an estheticism of shape and arrangement. It is generally called classicism. Or esthetic pleasure may be given by a revelation of unexpected proportions. In this case, the emotion is used as an instrument of knowledge, it is followed through to some passionate apprehension of the significance of life. It gives place, in fact, to some intuitive combustion, a state of ecstasy. This is an estheticism of lyrical evocation or, better, of expansiveness. Romanticism. Carl Sandburg is perhaps too much the poet of the newspaper oc-

casion to take the time for this chemistry of the art emotions. His failure so to do produces on me not "the cumulative effect of vigor" Conrad Aiken felt, but a cumulative effect of weakness, a lack of tension, a sense of impurities not burned out.

Nevertheless, he has decided points of interest, and at least one rare quality. To approach the latter it is necessary to supply some descriptive matter for his talent.

America to the literary man is still a vast wilderness. Literature has conquered but little of its social history, its contemporary manners, customs, social ways of thinking and feeling, its vivid and constrained types, its spiritual forces, its sectional qualities. This can be tested very simply. Try to understand what America is like in the library, and then travel about the country and learn of the huge discrepancy between the little that one receives by reading and the much that one sees and hears. But for some time now the allurements of the wilderness has been keenly felt by our writers, and there has been an heroic rush to stake our claims. The claim of Carl Sandburg measures no less than the prairies and includes their metropolis, Chicago.

"I was born on the prairie and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women, gave me a song and a slogan."

Son of a Swedish immigrant, driver of milk wagons, bricklayer and pitchforker, graduate of Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois, coal shoveler, soldier, newspaperman for the *Chicago Daily News*, poet,—your title to your claim is good and indisputable. But can you hold it? Is your verse a flash-

ing luminous steel-girdered skyscraper or is it merely the rough temporary hut of the pioneer?

This interesting indigenous aspect of Sandburg is most apparent when he occupies the public reading platform. It is his habit to sing, in conjunction with the recitation of his verse, the folk songs of the Cotton Belt and the Southwest. These careless and repetitive songs are known to several million people, they are somehow caught up with their pulse-beat. And they are as marked a source of Sandburg's technic as Walt Whitman is.

The effect on a New Yorker is that of an exotic. He goes out from the theatre in which Sandburg has recited, sung and strummed his guitar and perhaps enters a restaurant where his courses are punctuated by the clattering dashes, ludicrous questions and blaring exclamations of a jazz band. Here is to him native music, music that fits the drive and hurtle and frenzy of New York, music of the noise that pounds in his veins. Perhaps America is to have several cultures developing from diverse sectional and folk roots. Sandburg raises the question and we might, if unrestrained, wander away from him to discuss such things as the role of those Americans who really constitute part of the mind of Europe: the possibility of a native New York culture and of a radically different Mid-American culture: the forces which tend to break down sectional isolation and to unify America into a standardized composite cultural unit.

The technic of Carl Sandburg has improved from book to book. His idiom, in reality, lies in the shadowy region

between what is clearly prose and what is clearly poetry. The ictus is not very pronounced, nor do his lines carry enough verbal energy for poetry. On the other hand, the diction is too monotonous and unvaried for prose. The chief claim to be poetry rests on the use of repetition and of echoes woven in and out of the loose pattern. In metaphor he is at times highly successful....

the pearl-gray haystacks
in the gloaming
are cool prayers
to the harvest hands.

In the way of structure, balance and symmetry he attempts hardly anything. His longer poems—and Sandburg needs space to get his effects—are generally a series of loose associations hung together by repetitive chants. He is, of course, more complex than the anonymous authors of Cotton Belt songs, but, compared to the full organ-toned movements of Whitman, he is single-voiced.

The vocabulary is partly drawn from the American argot on its way perhaps to being the American language. This matter is again a side-issue which might lead us into a long essay, partly philological and partly literary, on the use of Americanisms. Suffice it to raise the question whether Sandburg has made a sufficiently *literary* use of our argot. To me he often uses it with the inexactitude of the man on the street, and on the whole he is less alert to the verb-activity of our vulgar speech than E. E. Cummings is. The mistake in neglecting verbs as a revivifying force is well explained in Ernest Fenollosa's *On the Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry*. But this objection does not apply to one of

Sandburg's better poems, *Jazz Fantasia*, which opens:

Drum on your drums, batter on your banjos,
sob on the long cool winding saxophones.
Go to it, O jazzmen.

The indigenous nature of Sandburg's work pricks our interest, but it is obviously not enough. In our delight at getting a few indigenous writers, we have forgotten briefly that what we need are indigenous artists. Otherwise, we are greeting merely local and contemporary precursors of an emergent culture.

And what of the personality which flavors this work? No one claims intellectual subtlety or depth for Carl Sandburg, but it is justly said that he has a sense of irony. That needs to be qualified by saying that his perception of discrepancies is rudimentary and almost purely on the surface.

Huntington sleeps in a house six feet long.
Huntington dreams of railroads he built and owned.

Huntington dreams of ten thousand men saying: Yes, sir.

Blithery sleeps in a house six feet long.

Blithery dreams of rail and ties he laid.

Blithery dreams of saying to Huntington: Yes, sir.

Huntington,
Blithery, sleep in houses six feet long.

More arresting is the theatrical contrast in values between Sandburg and the crude acquisitive welter of Chicago, "Hog Butcher for the World." Sandburg is tender, sympathetic, loving, wayward in his contemplation of flowers and sunsets, yearning for peace, quiet and sleep. To the impulses of a burly capitalism he opposes the impulses, sometimes sentimentalized, of humanitarianism. But his desire for drowsiness is so often frustrated and interrupted that he rises in anger and snarls. Indeed, his protests against war, against the impinging brutalities

of capitalism, the sterility of greed, seem to arise, not so much from a man who loves a more free, active and gracious life of the spirit than these permit, but from a man whose simple dreamy life has been rudely disturbed. Unfortunately, at those moments Sandburg is likely to assume the image of the brute strength he hates.

The vague charge of social propaganda has been aimed at Sandburg, principally in connection with his earlier work, by people who did not like his humanitarian emotions. But propaganda is a rational activity designed to win adherents to one's intellectual or emotional convictions. It is special pleading which may be conducted honestly or with chicanery. However, a poet is entitled to present his own genuine emotions, even though the appearance of rebellious feeling may alarm what is customarily referred to as "fat and prosperous gentry." The rationalizing faculty is singularly absent from Sandburg's make-up. What was mistaken for social propaganda was really a failure in the expression of his emotion due to an unclear perception of them or to an insufficient technic to externalize them. The result was not special pleading but sentimentality.

Conrad Aiken closed a paper on Sandburg by asking whether his work is poetic realism or realistic poetry. This question, he said, it is not important to answer; it is only important that it be asked. Aiken showed too great a passion for labels; a writer *does* certain things and it is the critic's business to say just what he does; poetry and realism are highly disputable terms. Sandburg has achieved no gen-

eral synthesis for himself. A loose temperament and a loose workman, he slips away as soon as the tentacles of any particular label stretch out to grasp him. A realist is a man of imagination. That is, he discovers in the phenomena which relate to him proportions and harmonies so just that, as Poe remarked, the reader exclaims at the obviousness of them, "why was this not seen before?" Inevitability is the test. But Sandburg is more often fanciful than imaginative. He is moderately unexpected and very arbitrary. His metaphors seldom impress one as being the unique metaphorical truth of the object. Poe again gives the test for fancy. We say, "How well the writer has evaded or moved around a difficulty." Is that not the feeling we have when we read such a poem as *The Skyscraper Loves Night*?

One by one lights of a skyscraper fling their
checkering
cross work on the velvet gown of night.
I believe the skyscraper loves night as a wo-
man and brings her playthings she asks
for, brings her a velvet gown,
And loves the white of her shoulders hidden
under the dark feel of it all.

The masonry of steel looks to the night for
somebody it loves,
He is a little dizzy and almost dances . . .
waiting. . . dark. . . .

What is there that is inevitable and exclusively appropriate about the masculinity of skyscrapers in love with night and bestowing playthings on night? How unarbitrary "the velvet gown of night" appears as a stud in this weaving of individual fancies! To complete our sketch of Sandburg's temperament it is necessary to stress the fact that he is fanciful, whimsical and occasionally humorous, a ready indulger in conceits.

It is this indulgent side of Sandburg that finds outlet in his many nocturne, firelight, autumnal haze and sunset poems. Nature in these melting and indeterminate moods does not hold the human observer to a focus but invites him to a drifting reverie. Sandburg opens to the color, the softness of it, and lazily releases fancies in droves. Sometimes the tabulation of these fancies looks as "arty" as the deliberately misted portraits of expensive photographers.

To label the quality of Sandburg's work as a whole is impossible beyond saying, as I did at the outset, that it is slack and immediate expression. Undistilled impressions, fancies, angers, desires and sympathies. *Voila tout!* His better poems are, of course, not accidents, but neither are they consciously achieved. It is likely enough that the bulk of his writing will sift away as the clouds over the prairies disappear every few hours. Some fifteen or twenty poems, most of which the anthologists have already netted, may linger. How long depends on other circumstances than esthetic. In their precarious struggle for existence, other poems may join them. If I were an anthologist, I should certainly include *An Electric Sign Goes Dark* in this straggling band.

Poland, France, Judea ran in her veins,
Singing to Paris for bread, singing to Gotham
in a fizz
at the pop of a bottle's cork.

"Won't you come and play wiz me" she sang
. . . and "I just can't make my eyes be-
have."

"Higgeldy-Piggeldy," "Papa's Wife," "Fol-
low Me" were plays.

Did she wash her feet in a tub of milk? Was
a strand of pearls sneaked from her
trunk? The newspapers asked.

Cigarettes, tulips, pacing horses, took her name.

Twenty years old . . . thirty . . . forty . . .
Forty-five and the doctors fathom nothing,
the doctors quarrel, the doctors use
silver tubes feeding twenty-four quarts
of blood into the veins, the respects of
a prize-fighter, a cab-driver.

And a little mouth moans: It is easy to die
when they are dying so many grand
deaths in France.

A voice, a shape, gone.

A baby bundle from Warsaw. . . legs, torso,
head. . . on a hotel bed at the Savoy.

The white chiselings of flesh that flung them-
selves in somersaults, straddles, for
packed houses:

A memory, a stage and footlights out, an
electric sign on Broadway dark.

She belonged to somebody, nobody.

No one man owned her, no ten nor a thou-
sand.

She belonged to many thousand men, lovers
of white chiseling of arms and should-
ers, the ivory of a laugh, the bells of
song.

Railroad brakemen taking trains across Ne-
braska prairies, lumbermen jaunting in
pine and tamarack of the Northwest,
stock ranchers in the middle west, may-
ors of southern cities

Say to their pals and wives now: I see by
the papers Anna Held is dead.

This tries to encompass an event,
the death of a popular favorite. Anna
Held is introduced, though the name
is rightly reserved for the final effect
and the development is straight and
satisfying; a line or two from her
her songs to give a flavor, one or two
rumors from the press to indicate the
ripples her personality created, then
sickness, death, a memory remaining
after the electric sign which advertised
her snaps off. She was vaguely pos-
sessed by thousands, closely by none,
the fate of the popular favorite. Then
Sandburg gives this fate in vivid terms.
He throws a wide circle around this
event, which he has treated close-up,
he shows us its scope. In Nebraska, in

lumber camps, in bourgeois homes of
the south, people of all sorts are read-
ing the papers and remarking: "Anna
Held is dead." By so doing, he really
completes the poem.

Yet what significance does the poem
hold? The cadences are slovenly, the
structure and the vividness of parts of
it quickly accounted for, the technical
interest is soon exhausted. Neither
as melopoeia or imagism is the poem
notable. And certainly one receives no
sense of an intelligence dancing in
back of the words; it is certainly not
logopoeia. Anna Held is suggested and
recognisable, but is she thereby ren-
dered significant? Does Sandburg see
any significance in the fact of her
death one way or the other? Does he
go as far beyond the report of the
same event in a newspaper column as
we have the right to expect of a serious
poet? I am afraid not. The creative
mood is there, it almost always is in
Sandburg's work, but the thing that is
lacking is the creative emotion. To re-
iterate, Sandburg is largely a poet of
the newspaper occasion, and his better
poems are examples of partly formed
immediate expression.

It is not pleasant for a patriot to
pare down the sort of reputation Carl
Sandburg has acquired, and I am,
therefore, glad to dwell at last on the
one quality which seems to me rare and
important, and upon the one poem,
Slabs of the Sunburnt West (titular
monstrosity), which presents that qual-
ity as flaming rather than smouldering.
I refer to Sandburg's mysticism.
Let it be said that my personal experi-
ence does not warrant my own assump-
tion of the title of music. Beyond a
sensitiveness to mystical writing, I

have no *parti pris* in this respect. There is for one who is aware of modern scientific and artistic currents and yet has failed somehow to have a direct mystical experience, only one course in my opinion: to give free play to one's sense of possibility. Credulity becomes an intelligent attitude and a profound skepticism the necessary check. The premium on honesty rises.

The rarity of a genuine mysticism in American writing needs no argument. The importance of its appearance may be briefly indicated. Positivism is in disrepute. The modern era has witnessed an enormous growth in neuroscience. Skepticism has overthrown or questioned the fundamental assumptions and conventions upon which our inherited culture has rested, such as the supremacy of reason and the tridimensionality of the universe. New and brilliant theories, such as the Quantum Theory and the Theory of Relativity, have introduced all sorts of possibilities into our field of knowledge. In literature, we have reached the despair and spiritual bankruptcy of *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses*. In those sensitive records one might say that an old slope of consciousness sums itself. From them spring no large generative ideas or intuitions. We look for materials for a new slope of consciousness.

What is mysticism? It is first the belief, gained intuitively or rationally, that the Kantian formulation of the utter impossibility of knowing a thing in itself is not an impassable frontier, but a problem. It is the belief that this problem can be solved if more of the resources of human consciousness are applied to it, the belief that human consciousness has a power of expansion

it is not generally credited with possessing. It is the following paragraph, with its implications,—which I quote from J. W. N. Sullivan's paper on the famous physicist and author of the electro-magnetic theory of light, James Clerk Maxwell. Maxwell insisted "on what he called, by a mathematical analogy, the 'singular points' of existences, that is, the points where the equations break down, and he postulated that the more there were of these singular points the higher the rank of the existence. At a 'singular point' influences which are usually negligible may assume a dominating importance, and Maxwell saw the science of the future as being largely concerned with these lapses in continuity—as, in fact, science since his time has become."

A postulate and a method for mysticism are contained in William Blake's couplet:

We are led to believe a lie

When we see *with*, not *through* the
eye.

Maxwell, too, gives a succinct statement of method: "an abandonment of wilfulness without extinction of will, but rather by means of a great development of will, whereby, instead of being consciously free and really in subjection to unknown laws, it becomes consciously acting by law, and really free from the interference of unrecognized laws."

Mysticism differs from classical thought by denying the perdurable validity of those conventions and necessities which classicism sees in the external world. It is more akin to religion which is simply a serious attitude toward life and a resolute search for a way of living in accord with one's deep-

est experience. But a way of living consonant with one's experience is not necessarily mystical; it obviously depends on the nature of that experience. From the egocentric wilfulness of romanticism mysticism differs by its refusal to surrender without solution the world of necessity of classicism and to retreat to the irresponsible revels of the free inner life. What mysticism seeks is a higher logic, a logic of intuition and ecstasy; in one word, it seeks simply knowledge. Perhaps it may be termed a higher romanticism, and it may, in its turn, become a new classicism. For its drive is toward an organization of new conventions and assumptions.

It is natural, then, that the mystic should brood much on the nature of time. Sandburg's preoccupation with time is noticeable throughout his work. He sees it as motion, the past disappearing, the present-existent for a moment, the future coming on, all things being washed over by time. This is not the mystic's view of time as an imperfectly sensed dimension, on which what we call past, present and future lie side by side. "In alternating bells have you not heard all hours clapped dense into a single stride?" (Hart Crane). The point is that Sandburg has continually fumbled over the nature of time. And the next point is that his work is underlaid by a fumbling smouldering sentimental mysticism. I call that mystic sentimental who is content with a feeling of wonder at things and makes no effort to discover causes for his wonderment. In the absence of such discovery, his emotion gushes and runs away. It is, in appearance at least, excessive. This type of sentimental mys-

ticism is particularly prevalent in Scandinavian writings. But in *Slabs of the Sunburnt West* the smoulder leaps into a conflagration. It is regrettable that the fire did not quite burn out all the dross. The poem is still somewhat inchoate. And I would not have the reader think that I am introducing it as a document of the high mystical order of Blake or Whitman; my preamble was designed to clear away misconceptions infesting the term, mysticism.

The first part is an initiation.

Into the night, into the blanket of night,
Into the night rain gods, the night luck gods,
Overland goes the overland passenger train.

The train moves into the mysterious night. The porters make up berths, well fed men with cigars mention "civilization," "history," "God," and outside the immense pageantry of the American desert throws up its enormous questions.

Stand up, sandstone slabs of red,
Tell the overland passengers who burnt you.
Tell 'em how the jacks and screws loosened
you.
Tell 'em who shook you by the heels and stood
you on your heads,
Who put the slow pink of sunset mist on your
faces.

Outside the memory evokes processions of ghostly pioneers and ponies. "The wagon tongue of a prairie schooner and the handle of a Forty-niner's pickax do a shiver dance in the desert dust." A pregnant and eerie atmosphere envelops the reader.

In part two, we stand on the rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

A rider came to the rim
Of a slash and a gap of desert dirt—
A long-legged long-headed rider
On a blunt and blurry jackass—
Riding and asking, "How come? How
come?"

And the long-legged long-headed rider said:
"Between two ears of a blurry jackass

I see ten miles of auburn, gold and purple—
 I see doors open over doorsills
 And always another door and a doorsill.
 Cheat my eyes, fill me with the float
 Of your dream, you auburn, gold, and purple.
 Cheat me, blow me off my pins onto footless
 floors.

Let me put footsteps in an airpath.
 Cheat me with footprints on auburn, gold,
 purple
 Out to the last violet shimmer of the float
 Of the dream—and I will come straddling a
 jackass,
 Singing a song and letting out hallelujahs
 To the door sill of the last footprint.

Before such scenery the notion of an
 anthropomorphic god must be thrown
 into the abyss.

And the man took a stub lead pencil
 And made a long memo in shorthand
 On the two blurry jackass ears:—

"God sits with long whiskers in the sky."
 I said it when I was a boy.
 I said it because long-whiskered men
 Put it in my head to say it.
 They lied . . . about you . . . God . . .
 They lied.

Before such scenery comes elation,
 comes ecstasy, come intimations of an
 immortal destiny,—"an old song
 comes: These bones shall rise again,
 Yes, children, these bones shall rise."
 The five senses are symbolized as doors
 and the conviction comes of their in-
 sufficiency.

Yonder past my five doors
 are fifty million doors, maybe,
 stars with knobs and locks and lintels,
 stars with riders of rockets,
 stars with swimmers of fire.
 * * * * *

Before a ten mile float
 of auburn, gold, and purple,
 footprints on a sunset airpath haze,
 I ask:
 How can I taste with my tongue a tongueless
 God?
 How can I touch with my fingers a fingerless
 God?
 How can I hear with my ears an earless God?
 Or smell of a God gone noseless long ago?
 Or look on a God who never needs eyes for
 looking?
 * * * * *

I ask why I go on five crutches,
 tongues, ears, nostrils—all cripples—

I ask why these five cripples
 limp and squint and gag with me,
 why they say with the oldest frozen faces:
 Man is a poor stick and a sad squirt;
 if he is poor he can't dress up;
 if he dresses up he don't know any place
 to go.

Away and away on some green moon
 a blind horse eats white grass
 and the blind blue horse knows more than I do
 because he saw more than I have seen
 and remembered it after he went blind.
 * * * * *

I send out five sleepwalkers to find out who
 I am,
 my name and number, where I came from,
 and
 where I am going.
 * * * * *

They come back, my five sleepwalkers; they
 have an answer for me, they say;
 they tell me: Wait.

In the quoted passages in terms that
 are strictly his own and by a route in-
 dubitably his own, Sandburg discovers
 what some races call God, others Tao,
 others Brahman, "the being behind all
 beings, the power that emits the uni-
 verse, sustains it and draws it back
 again to itself." His lines may be com-
 pared with interest with those neat say-
 ings of Lao-Tzu.

"Tao eludes the sense of sight, and
 is therefore called colorless. It eludes
 the sense of hearing, and is therefore
 called soundless. It eludes the sense of
 touch, and is therefore called incorpo-
 real. These three qualities cannot be
 apprehended, and hence they may be
 blended into unity.

"Ceaseless in action, it cannot be
 named, but returns again to nothing-
 ness. We may call it the form of the
 formless, the image of the imageless,
 the fleeting and the indeterminable.

"There is something chaotic, yet
 complete, which existed before heaven
 and earth. Oh, how still it is, and
 formless, standing alone without

changing, reaching everywhere, without suffering harm!

"Tao in its unchanging aspect has no name.

"The mightiest manifestations of active force flow from Tao.

"All-pervading is the Great Tao. It can be at once on the right hand and on the left.

"Tao is a great square with no angles, a great sound which cannot be heard, a great image with no form."

In the remainder of part two Sandburg wavers, though the fantasy into which he slips is gigantic and gorgeous. The concluding part continues the momentum of his emotion, but it rolls along a trifle lamely. The last stanzas are:

Tie your hat to the saddle
and ride, ride, ride, O Rider.

Lay your rails and wires
and ride, ride, ride, O Rider.

The worn tired stars say
you shall die early and die dirty.
The clean cold stars say
you shall die late and die clean.

The runaway stars say
you shall never die at all,
never at all.

Whether or not Sandburg will use the experience presented in *Slabs of the Sunburnt West* as a basis for his future poetic vision is an open question. To develop it will require a greater cohesiveness, a greater intensity, a greater daring than the rest of his writing displays. Will he undergo the great effort? Perhaps he is destined to be remembered as an author of delightful children's stories, who wrote a remarkable poem entitled *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*.

Skeptic's Definitions

By HENRI FAUST

You ask me what is life? A draught of sun
Strained through the purple sieves of dream:
The clock that shrilly cries, "this hour is done!"
For all your ardent music is its theme;

And love? Quaint figment of the yearning mind,
Today's bright ecstasy, tomorrow's dust,
A fugitive that cannot leave behind
The huntsman Flesh, his gaunt red hounds of Lust.

Two Poems

By LOUIS GILMORE

Toward Heaven

For Tannhäuser
The path to Heaven
Lay through the Venusberg

And Dante first saw Hell
Before the sublime ascent

Become what thou art
Thus spake Zarathustra

And I
Push toward thine Heaven
Through whatever Hell

Toward Hell

Heaven thaws
Hell turns tepid

Has not God said
Because thou art lukewarm-
And neither hot nor cold
I will spue thee out of my mouth

Now
In intensive boredom these repine
Disdained of God and Devil

While
In a nether zone
Dalila and Judas gnaw their nails
Loving again their dead

While Following An Apparent-Woman

By MARGIE-LEE RUNBECK

Eyes roll with ironic rattle
In facial emptiness.
Mouths are violin bows
Sawing across approaching faces.
Virtue is covetously savage.
Futile she-faces yelp.
Caged propriety has furtive claws.
Sentences trip and fall, and break into words.

Hip-drapes are demented eloquence.
A bracelet tinkles pagan profanity.
Hysterical, the glimmer of small feet
Like raindrops twinkling on a fire.
White limbs concealed
Blaze in high lights of silk.
White limbs are tapers
Soon to be lighted....

Portrait In Silver Point

By MAJORIE MEEKER

Darkness and light have lightly gone
Beyond this secret twilight face;
And neither age nor youth has won
The intricate and shadowy grace
Of gestures strange to look upon,

The exact lustrous pride of hands
Carved with imperious frailty,
The hair in pallid precise bands,
The cool and chiselled symmetry
Of lips that make no more demands.

If once the listening eyes were lit
With fluent dreams and changing fire,
Now there is only infinite
Shadow where frail frost-shapes conspire
Incurious and exquisite.

Vienna Schlagobers

A Letter From Vienna

By PIERRE LOVING

HAVING just come from "Schlagobers," the brand-new ballet of Richard Strauss, I find it a little difficult to be fervid or even eupeptic about it. Not that the Vienna Opera did not distinguish itself in a number of delectably witty moments—and there are many such in this latest opus from the hand of the master—but it is tedious near the end of an imperfect day spent trying to evade the ubiquitous whipped cream of Vienna cafes, to come upon it beaten up into frothy music. The Viennese, no doubt, appreciate Strauss' little joke on their favorite weakness—overindulgence in whipped cream or *Schlagobers*, which appears in Vienna as a head-dress on every possible comestible—on coffee, on tea, on cocoa, on ices, on cakes and pastry. Strauss is reported to have once said that he could set a glass of foaming beer to music, and somewhere, I daresay, he has done it with the bloom—or should one perhaps say?—foam of perfection. Now, on his sixtieth birthday, he has genially taunted his beloved Vienna by flinging its dominant weakness in its own face in the form of a fluffy musical jest.

The first half of "Schlagobers" is slightly disappointing. It is pervaded with a formality of orchestration which is not, one feels, in the subject itself; but at the end of the first half it improves and the gaiety and gentle railery implicit in the theme bubble up joyously. A little boy, after his confirmation, is taken to a cafe and plied

with all sorts of dainties richly larded with *Schlagobers*. During this scene one witnesses the delivery of the various drinks, coffee, tea and cocoa; each one of these is a character and steps out of his jar lifesize. The music is delightful at this point; the grinding of the coffee mill is heard, the bubbling of the cocoa, and at the end, when the cafe is closed for the night, the frustrate, whirligig and patchy Prater music is dreamily woven into the ebbing fantasy.

The second part deals with the boy's illness as a result of his whipped cream debauch, and the dreams attendant upon his dyspepsia. He dreams of a beautiful Princess Marianne, and the noble whimsical personages who inhabit cafes, such as Slivowitz, Vodka, Lady Chartreuse and so on; accompanying these are, of course, the variegated cakes and sweetmeats he has eaten that day; Marzipan, Quetch-Grampus, Chocolate Eclairs, and I know not what else. The ballet closes in a colorful, intricately woven rout—a dancing chaos of cakes, *Schlagobers* maidens, drinks, icings and condiments. This *cauchemar* of indigestion in Kärntnerstrasse is opulently mounted by the Vienna Opera; the costumes are whimsical and full of color; the conception as a whole leaves little to be desired. There is imagination, caprice, fantasy and a fair quantity of crackling wit in it. The orchestra, under the direction of Herr Reichenberger, was at its best.

If from "Schlagobers" I make a

rapid transition to Max Reinhardt's *Theater in der Josephstadt* it is because that, too, has for some weeks been the talk of the town. The *Theater in der Josephstadt* was, as is well-known, a ramshackle old structure, mouldy outside and musty within, but alive with memories of a splendid past that embraced several generations of Vienna's dramatic history. The conversion of this dank and inhospitable old theater is an example of Reinhardt's unerring taste. Vienna, he seems to have argued, is in spirit baroque, a relic of a glorious baroque, as many old buildings and palaces bear witness. Such interiors as Fischer von Erlach's *Redoutensaal* and the *Grosse Saal* in the Imperial Library are masterpieces in this style. Reinhardt has, in consequence, transformed the old playhouse into a small *Theater Saal* rather than into a modern theater, making it more hospitable to Calderon, Goldoni and Mozart than to the Expressionistic moderns. Charming it is beyond question with its gold paint, crimson brocaded velvet and brilliant crystal chandeliers, its erasure of the dividing line between audience and actor, its delicate cozy intimacy, its richness and—let me say it—its pervasive air of cultivated snobishness. In Berlin Reinhardt displayed himself as a regisseur for the masses; in Vienna he seeks another role, in keeping with the history of the city he happens to be working in. He is not content to function with the proscenium arch: that he annihilated long ago; he is not, moreover, content to work within the theater itself. He now chooses cities or, rather, the indescent spaces that lie within a city's soul, in its changeful history. A man

so recognizes and salutes the *genius loci* is something of a poet, and Reinhardt, were he not so theatrically clever, would today be our great producer-poet.

Reinhardt did well to choose a Goldoni play with which to open his new theater. Goldoni, with his little graces and sweetness, his noble courtesy, his arbitrary and theatrical division of life into castes, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, the learned and the ignorant, the young and the old. Through all of his plays, as in Calderon's, runs a faint trace of the *Commedia del Arte*. He is not as wildly fantastic as Lope de Vega, whom the Viennese have always adored—especially Grillparzer, their greatest poet and dramatist; but he is mellow and he should, like Calderon sometimes, be given with music. If one can find a bit of Mozart to leaven him with, so much the better. It was quite fitting, therefore, for Reinhardt to open with "A Servant of Two Masters" and to sprinkle the production with odds and ends of Mozart's delicate music.

For Reinhardt, let me say in passing, is the ideal dramatist. This does not mean that Calderon is professedly his favorite. But he is, surely, irresistably drawn both to Goldoni and Calderon, and anyone who has seen how magically he seizes the essence of these two, how he contrives to make them a serene portion of himself, is certain to recognize this. Reinhardt is, however, not the man to entertain an *idee fixe*; he is not a mere hero worshipper. Everybody knows what he accomplished with *Le Malade Imaginaire* at Salzburg last year, and recently with "The Miracle" in New York. The former was, of

course, distinctly Calderonesque, as is also one of the new plays he has selected to follow "The Servant with Two Masters. "Der Schwierige," although written by a modern poet, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, is a welding of the spirits of Calderon and Moliere. It is a play dealing with the old Austrian aristocracy, in particular with one crotchety scion, who carries with him, as he grumbles through the piece, an aroma of a distant pre-war past.

Hofmannsthal is a great poet. His early lyrics are among the choicest memories of those who read and love poetry. It is easy to call to mind such rarely beautiful things as "*Tizian's Tod*," "*Der Fruhlings Wind*," "*Der Tor und der Tod*," and the unforgettable poem beginning "Und die Kinder wachsen auf mit tiefen Augen. . . ." The delicacy and fragrance of these early poems, and the plasticity of his handling of language in "*Electra*," in "*Oedipus and the Sphynx*," are something quite unique in German literature. Of late years Hofmannsthal has devoted himself to occasional criticism, librettos, and dilettante preface writing. His "Welt-Theater," adapted from Calderon and produced this spring by Reinhardt, is perhaps a remarkable piece of re-writing, but it is not worthy of the Hugo von Hofmannsthal who gave the world the early poems and plays. The poet has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday. The literary critics have been indulgent, but almost all regret the unfulfillment of the bright promise of his youth.

"Der Schwierige" does not, I think, show Hofmannsthal at his happiest even in prose. It is a comedy in which the character portrayal is not so much

weak as stilted; but in its depiction of the gracious atmosphere of pre-war Austria it is wholly successful, and in places even highly beautiful. A few weeks ago, as it chanced, I walked up and down in front of Reinhardt's new theater with Hofmannsthal and we discussed the possibility of finding an American producer for "Der Schwierige." Translating the play alone, it was agreed, would present peculiar difficulties, not the least of which is that there is no English equivalent for the title. Mr. Scofield Thayer, editor of *The Dial*, once suggested "The Crotchety Man," which comes as close as any name that has yet been offered, although it doesn't quite fit. Needless to say, the production of "Der Schwierige" is in Reinhardt's matchless Calderonesque style.

If one wanders about Vienna one is bound sooner or later to run into something which is reminiscent of a fragment of a play by Arthur Schnitzler. Schnitzler's pieces voice the spirit of old Vienna, and it is not surprising that in his latest play, "Comedy of Seduction," he clings to the old milieu. The new play is announced for early production by the Burgtheater, and perhaps it is best to reserve extended comment until that time.

Occasionally in Vienna one may meet Franz Werfel, who spends a part of every year here. Werfel, now at the age of thirty-two, has written about twelve books of poems and several plays, one of which, "Goe Song," will shortly be produced by the New York Theater Guild. Not satisfied with his generally-conceded distinction of being foremost among the younger poets, Werfel has recently turned to novel

writing. His novel "Verdi" is being greedily swallowed by all musical Vienna. It is an earnest portrayal of the great musician and his struggle with Wagnerianism. The scene of the book is for the most part laid in Venice, and Werfel has managed to capture the spirit of the city as well as the very gait, gesture and trick of speech which the composer of "Aida" possessed.

Vienna is eagerly preparing for a *Theater Fest*, to take place this fall.

Several new openings are promised—nothing very overwhelming, to be sure, but Viennese post-war audiences are not acutely critical. A dramatic renaissance will not, one hazards, be an artistic revival; it will, rather, be a renaissance of gaiety, accompanied by light music, poetry less light, and the whole will be characterized no doubt by the delightfully formal informality suitable to the city of Ferdinand Raimund and Johann Nestroy.

Mysterious Apples In Austria

By PIERRE LOVING

"And will you tell Katina?" Your eyes shut as
 You turned and moaned, and darkness came to pass.
 How should I tell Katina? There are pure slow
 Ways like the feet of bells bidden over snow
 Or ways as limber as blond oats that go
 Throngingly with music out of the wind's mouth.
 (Katina's voice was rounded in the south
 Where plums debouch in ripeness like her throat
 That steals us vineyards always, brings a goat
 Between hedges cropping ends of unmown grass);
 You turned and moaned, and darkness came to pass.

Katina said, "A son is born, but there
 Be sons and sons: one's a pomegranate, one's a pear,
 One's a wildcherry half-ripe on the air.
 A son is born, but there are son and sons."
 "Of course" I said "all sons are not plucked down
 From the same branch; the mothers vary as to eyes,
 Hair, body, race; one wears a smile or frown,
 Another's whirled a legend through the skies
 Having descended to some earthly town,
 Some street, some house. . . my house maybe. Who knows
 Why apples fatten on what makes a rose?
 Though apples, as my friend said, override

Roses; women whose bodies do amass
 A child, are apples moulded in their pride. . . ."
 You turned and moaned, and darkness came to pass.

The apple of your days, plucked by God's fingers,
 Is over, and yet the enigma lingers.
 Katina gave the answer: "There's a son.
 Like Mary and the babe, where there was one
 Is two now. See, that's mystery, beauty." So
 She said, her dust-cloth pausing over "Pierrot"
 Uprumpled, sentimentally aware,
 Dying below the lady's burnished hair,
 The lady with her ape and peacock air. . . .
 A canvas made not painted which no house
 Can do without in Austria, by one Krauss
 Whose Nile-green and whose henna's worth a Mass.
 You turned and moaned, and darkness came to pass.

"The Poetic Mind"

By JOHN McCLURE

Plato himself in hell, that austere shade,
 Walking among those amaranthine trees
 Which glow deep red forever, reasons in peace
 Untouched by hot corruption, while you fade
 Into the darkness your emotions made,
 Swooners of swoons, harpers of harmonies,
 Crowning yourselves for these.
 Plato has heard your paeaning—even he,
 Pacing the floor of hell—his ears have heard
 The childish twitter of your mockery,
 Acclaiming wisdom in a jingling word,
 Hailing the Logos in a sweet conceit,
 Linking his eagle's vision with the wail
 Of dismayed lovers or an old wives' tale.

Psalms Of The Sea

The Rivals

By EVERETT BOSTON

We walked thru' a meadow of sage daisies
Who nodded in unison, like a school of philosophers,
Who bow and grant acquisition to old wisdom newly spoken....
And then rustle among themselves,
Gently amused.
But we walked slowly, finding everything new,
Clinging, yet without touching one another,
After the fashion of many lovers;
Sniffing a faint taste of the sea;
Breathing also a faint odor of the pines
That rose in shadowy columns, solemn temple of love,
That we did not dream of profaning.
Such was the fashion I loved him;
Needing no vows in the twilight;
Wasting no thought that did not contribute to the sweetness
Of my virginity, his strength, and our love.
Over the hill to the thundering surf,
And along the brief beach in the star-light, we walked,
Until my heart misgave me
At the presence of a great rival,
A sprawling beauty who gave him no peace,
Yet wasted no time on caresses.
Closer I crowded, pressing my person upon him;
Risking dishonor in distraction;
Maddened with jealousy, even jostling coyly
To turn his attention, full force, on myself.
But: "The old lady is snoring tonight!
"The wind is easterly, soothin' her down a bit:
"She'll wake before morning! We'll romp tomorrow!
"God grant I return!"
We came back thru' the meadows of the daisies,
But those philosophers had gone to sleep;
And the pines were weary from holding the sky. . .
And he wondered why I was angry!

Reviews

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

(The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson, with an introduction by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston, Little Brown, 1924).

A MASTER of epithet and epigram, almost unsurpassed in intensity of emotion, almost clairvoyant in the realm of ideas, and marvelously adept at glib and twittering rhythms yet with a firm hold on stronger forms, Emily Dickinson was one of the best poets that ever lived. She is an ornament to English literature, and a glory to America. Her complete poems, now first offered to the public ought to have been offered a generation ago, and should have been on the shelves of all self-respecting libraries since before most of us were born.

Of course, it is news to nobody that Emily Dickinson was a fine poet. We have all known more or less of her work. But it is news of interest to the civilized world when all her verse is made available in a single volume.

To those who value poetry as emotionalism simply, this book is full of meat—there is in it wistfulness, poignant agony, childish joy, solemn renunciation, almost all things human. To those who value poetry as idea, the book is no less full, for there are instances of piercing intellectual vision and supreme diction such as are found only in the greatest literature. To those who value poetry as a fine art, Emily Dickinson's work is a perpetual delight, for, in her naive, explosive way, she arrives

repeatedly at a rare and startling beauty. The fact that she arrives often at discord adds pleasure to the harmonies, which bear the mark of spontaneity, of unpremediated joy. There is a sudden piping, like a bird in the bush. Emily Dickinson's collected poems fall in the category of satisfactory art—her verse has the first essential, form, and it is enriched by emotion and idea. One would hesitate to say that any American other than Poe and Whitman was a better poet. And Emily Dickinson wrote a greater quantity of good verse than either Poe or Whitman, though her best will not equal theirs.

Emily Dickinson's work is, in general, so well known that it seems a little absurd to quote.

Her gift of epithet—"mirth is the mail of anguish"—of a prayer, "that scalding one, 'Sabachthani,'"—made her famous long ago.

Her feminine pity and love which personified everything—

"'Twas such a little, little boat
That toddled down the bay!
'Twas such a gallant, gallant sea
That beckoned it away!"—

and applied charming, foolish frustrated mother love even to abstractions, has been noted before. She could personalize a logarithm.

Her gift of epigrammatic stanza construction is better known than any other aspect of her art:

"I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity."

If quoting must be done, one can take at random lines and passages which show the consummate versatility of Emily Dickinson within a strictly limited type of lyrical form:

"Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

"Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag today
Can tell the definition,
So clear, of victory.

"As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear."

"The heart asks pleasure first,
And then, excuse from pain;
And then, those little anodynes
That deaden suffering."

"To fight aloud is very brave,
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom
The cavalry of woe."

"Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,"

"Whether my bark went down at sea,
Whether she met with gales"

"This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me, —
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

"Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!"

"Who never lost, are unprepared
A coronet to find;
Who never thirsted, flagons
And cooling tamarind."

"I never hear the word 'escape'
Without a quicker blood,
A sudden expectation,
A flying attitude."

"Who is to blame? The weaver?
Ah! the bewildering thread!
The tapestries of paradise
So notelessly are made!"

"Heart not so heavy as mine,
Wending late home,
As it passed my window
Whistled itself a tune"

* * * * *

"I had been hungry all the years;
My noon had come, to dine;
I, trembling, drew the table near,
And touched the curious wine."

* * * * *

"The healed Heart shows its shallow scar
With confidential moan,
Not mended by mortality
Are fabrics truly torn.
To go its convalescent way
So shameless is to see,
More genuine were Perfidy
Than such Fidelity."

There is really no poet to compare with Emily Dickinson except Heinrich Heine.

JOHN MCCLURE.

THE TATOOED COUNTESS

(*The Tatooed Countess*, by Carl Van Vechten,
Alfred A. Knopf, 1924)

I CAN find nothing in this book but weariness and a warming over of yesterday's victuals. Mr. Van Vechten's other novels have been amusing because they were meant to be nothing else. This book is a tirade on the small American town of the nineties. He introduces a continental woman of fashion into Main Street. Of course, the cards are stacked from the first against Maple Valley, which serves as a background to the young hopeful who will presently go to New York and become a genius.

Mr. Van Vechten's idea of creating local color or atmosphere is to dig up the old songs, "Daisy, Daisy," "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky," etc., etc. Also to have his characters exclaim: "You're not the only pebble on the beach" at intervals while they smoke Sweet Caporals—"Ask Dad, He Knows."

The composition of the "small town" novel has now become a formula: One sophisticated person, one striving soul (must be literary), one psychopathic old maid, one social leader, one girl of easy virtue, two old established families, the usual bumpkins. Mix thoroughly, sprinkle with religion and puritanism, throw in a liberal dash of sex and serve.

JULIUS W. FRIEND.

LATITUDES

(*Latitudes* by Edwin Muir, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1924.)

LATITUDES" is a collection of essays on a variety of topics, literary and philosophical. Here breadth of range makes for diversity; the personality of the author for unity.

The personality of Mr. Muir is already known; or should be. It is revealed succinctly, luminously in an astounding first book, in an astonishing book, "We Moderns." Like Nietzsche, Mr. Muir is both philosopher and poet; or poet and philosopher, since, chronologically, the poet goes before. And, like Nietzsche, Mr. Muir is on the side of the angels; or should one say, on the side of Nietzsche? As H. L. Mencken observes in an introduction to the American edition of "We Moderns":

"Find a Scot, and you are at once beset by a metaphysician, or, at all events, by a theologian. But for a young man of those damp, desolate parts, throwing himself into the racial trance, to emerge with a set of ideas reaching back, through Nietzsche and even worse heretics, to the spacious, innocent, somewhat gaudy days of the Greek illumination—for such a fellow, so bred and

circumscribed, to come out of his tower with a concept of life as a grand and glittering adventure, a tremendous spectacle, an overpowering ecstasy, almost an orgy—such a phenomenon was, and is, quite sufficient to lift the judicious eyebrow. Yet here is this Mr. Edwin Muir, of Caledonia, bearing just that outlandish contrabrand, offering just that strange flouting of all things traditionally Scotch. What he preaches in the ensuing aphorisms is the emancipation of the modern spirit from its rotting heritage of ingenuous fears and exploded certainties. What he denounces most bitterly is the abandonment of a world that is beautifully surprising and charming to the rule of sordid, timid and unimaginative men—the regimentation of ideas in a system that is half a denial of the obvious and half a conglomeration of outworn metaphors, all taken too literally. And what he pleads for most eloquently, with his cold, reserved northern eloquence, is the wholehearted acceptance of 'life as a sacrament,...life as joy triumphing over fate,...life made innocent,...life washed free from how much filth of remorse, guilt, contempt, 'sin.'"

"Latitudes" is not, I think, so good a book as "We Moderns." This is perhaps due to the fact that the former is a collection of essays, the latter a collection of aphorisms; the aphorism, again, as in the case of Nietzsche, being peculiarly adapted to Mr. Muir's genius. But perhaps this second book of his seems less good than the first, simply because it is second. In order to produce as great an impression as "We Moderns," "Latitudes" would have to be much better.

In the present volume, in "A Plea for

Psychology in Literary Criticism," Mr. Muir says of the function of criticism: "If it be true that books are written by the mind and not by the appetites—perhaps too sweeping an assumption—the function of criticism is to treat, in their expression in literature, the mind and the soul. To discover the soul of a book, of a writer, of art itself; that is a task difficult and perilous enough to be interesting." It is this difficult and perilous task that Mr. Muir undertakes and accomplishes. For, although it is possible to disagree with some of his conclusions, as in his estimate, or under estimate of Joyce, and with some of his statements, as when, citing "the case of Goethe," but failing to cite the contrary case of Catullus, he says: "When one writes a love poem one is for the moment not in love"—these are, after all, minor blemishes. In the main, Mr. Muir is surprisingly successful at plucking out the heart of a mystery.

But penetrating, illuminating as he is as a critic of literature, Mr. Muir is even more successful as a critic of conduct, of ideas, as in this from "Against Being Convinced;" "A man insists upon carrying on his shoulders a thought which is too heavy for him, which is not to his taste, and which irks him at every turn. Or, almost as disastrously, he lives habitually with a household of truths with whom he is not really on speaking terms. This spiritual lackey, who, possessing no truth, surrounds himself with truths out of a desire to be intellectually furnished, but eventually finds that he cannot use them, and that they exhaust him, is, one almost dares to say, the flower of modern culture. It tires one, this roomful of awkward truths; it even disillusiones one, so that

one cannot regard the labor of culture as a spiritual tragedy. Perhaps by means of it one acquires merit, but only those who can desire nothing else desire anything so meritorious as merit. The wisest plan with a truth which is not to one's taste is not to hold it. There is no reason why one personally should hold to all the truths that are known, and there are many reasons why one should not." And in this from "Against Optimism": "Express yourself, then; attain and maintain your freedom—and take the consequences; on no account escape them, for in doing that you are once more deceived, and you will be once more disillusioned. For it is not what you experience, but what you do not experience that brings disillusionment. Assert yourself to the utmost; there is no other wisdom, no other knowledge, no other life, nothing else which you may experience and possess in the world; if this passes you by then all has passed you by."

LOUIS GILMORE.

TWO BOOKS BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

Atlas and Beyond, by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.

Woodcuts by Harry Cimine. Harper, 1924.

Fox Footprints, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Alfred A. Knopf, 1923.

MISS COATSWORTH is distinctive among poets of her day for her remarkable visual imagination. She has an eye for the picturesque which is almost unsurpassed by any among her contemporaries, and the ability to tinge a vision with sentiment or significance in such a way as to make it memorable.

Her verse, as verse, is often unsatisfactory, although she can, at will, produce beautiful harmonies, and has many to her credit. Her glory is her seeing eye, and in two out of three of her poems it is evident that she is primarily endeavoring to communicate image or sentiment rather than to build musical structures. Her work is valuable, almost always delightful, and most noteworthy in that it is objective, although produced in an age when the mob is engaged in subjective exploration.

It falls more nearly into the field of pure art, at its finest, than most work of our generation. Uncontaminated by personal sentimentality, free from psychical exhibitionism, it is charming in its clean imagism. And it is often charming in its form. To say that the verse is often unsatisfactory, is not to say that it is bad. Miss Coatsworth's ear is thoroughly reliable, and her unsatisfactory lines are not unsatisfactory because they are discordant, but because they are not so good as Miss Coatsworth, to our personal knowledge, could have made them.

The following selections show Miss Coatsworth's power in visual realization. (The first, "Majesty Walks in the Garden," is from "Atlas and Beyond") :

All in black among black cypresses
 All in black, white-faced as hoar-frost is,
 With heavy scarlet lips, the king walks slowly
 Down the hedged paths, bending his long cold
 face
 Over the rosary trickling through his
 fingers. . .
 All in black, moving so sombrely
 Among the cypresses with the small white
 Christ
 In agony between his cruel fingers . . .
 All in black, pacing down gravelled walks
 His heavy scarlet lips ceaselessly moving
 The king awaits the hour of his appointment
 With his new mistress,

Sombrely, slowly,
 Marking the minutes by his trickling prayers
 His trickling prayers that focus on the cross
 White as the body of his latest love.
 All in black between black cypresses
 All in black the king awaits the hour.'

These are from "Fox Footprints":

NIKKO

"Is it because of the stiches of the rain
 That the hills and all the trees
 Seem embroidered upon cloth?"

SAILS

"The river with its sails is a strip of blue
 silk
 On which moths have lighted
 And cling, tilting."

COURTESAN ARRANGING HER COIFFURE

"Her face is a moon
 Above swirls of clouds.
 Her arms are lifted over her head.
 She is crowning herself with the black lac-
 quer of her hair."

APPARITION

"The moon at the water's edge
 Is a woman dancing on silver swords."

Her poems contain many conceptions charming for their significance, like this Japanese touch:

". . . a girl dancing before the tablet of her
 lover
 That his spirit may still take its pleasure in
 her beauty."

Some of the verse in "Atlas and Beyond" appeared originally in *The Double Dealer*. Miss Coatsworth needs no introduction to readers of this magazine, to which she has contributed generously. And she needs no introduction to any readers of poetry in this country. Her genius has impressed all before this. She is a poet of fine spirit, of rare imagination, and delightful art. And a democracy in which such spirits abide is not to be despaired of yet.

J. M.

Tchan Su's Unfinished Masterpiece

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

I was writing my final poem,
"The Wisdom of Life",
When Li Hung's ghost,
White and tremulous
Like a thin sun-beam
Upon a water-fall,
Spoke to me through the open window:
"Has not Tchan Su learned yet
The Wisdom of Life?"

The moths are eating
The silken leaves
Of "The Wisdom of Life",
While I am drinking
Countless cups of wine.

Gray Stallions

By CHARLES A. ROBERTS

The cold sand grains are meal of splintered ice
Beneath my bared flesh on the surf-stamped beach.
Light glitters frostily on manes that lift
Upon the wind. Sea horses gallop down
The Trades, and rear and stamp the ice-edged sand.
Gray stallions scream upon a Tartar plain
With skull-stark teeth unleashed, and hoofs upreared to cut.

- THE FACE, by Frances Guignard Gibbes. *Brentano's*, 1924.
 THE HAIRPIN DUCHESS, by Alice Woods. *Duffield & Co.*, 1924.
 SEPT MANIFESTES DADA, by Tristan Tzara. *Jean Budry & Cie., Paris*, 1924.
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 IN THE LAND OF YOUTH, by James Stephens. *The Macmillan Co.*, 1924.
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 SURVIVAL OF EXTINCTION, by Elisha M. Friedman. *Thomas Seltzer*, 1924.
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 IN THE HILLS, by Theodore Marburg. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1924.
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 SPRING THUNDER AND OTHER POEMS, by Mark Van Doren. *Thomas Seltzer*, 1924.

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(Formerly THE TEXAS REVIEW)

Edited by JAY B. HUBBELL

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